

## Camden High School, Crookwell High School & Moss Vale High School, 2014

### *The Disappearing* with Anna Westbrook

On Friday 7th November, writer and poet Dr. Anna Westbrook joined The Red Room Company to run an intensive poetry writing workshop with students from Camden, Crookwell and Moss Vale High School. Using activities inspired by *The Disappearing* learning resource, Anna helped students explore different poetic possibilities, such as prose poems, group poems, kuli stones and collage poems.

Red Room Poetry Education inspires students and teachers to create, perform and publish poetry.

We enliven experiences with poetry by bringing contemporary poets into classrooms across Australia to run intensive writing workshops that awaken imaginations, support creative opportunities and curriculum outcomes.



## Group Poems

### Untitled by Anthony, Alicia, Connie, and Jessica

The run-down amusement park now lost of  
hope quivers silently.  
The sludge of algae, floating on the  
softened water.  
The over grown vies all over the sides.  
The fun, now lost, echoes in whispers.  
Green foliage dripped down in waterfalls to  
greet the water.  
The vines and algae  
where children once played.  
The plants go down the sides  
like the children once did.  
The grey sky swept casts  
of blotchy light on the water.  
The slides now in ruin with no one  
to look after them.

### Untitled by Harriet S., Laura M., and Bri H.

Forgotten feature, wallowing  
in vivid ecstasy  
The discarded belonging  
drowning in eternal misery  
A deserted pit drowning  
in its own eerie despair  
A bottomless pit,  
swallowing abandoned ruins  
Dismal surroundings, longing  
for sweet oblivion.  
The beautiful foliage of green outside  
glinting in the radiant sun  
Flashes of black and yellow  
surround the trashed room.  
Slowly the contents sink  
to the bottom of its life  
A looming scene,  
swallowing empty hope.

### Untitled by Gabrielle H., Brock, and Jocelyn

Creaky trail, runs oddly bend.  
Mossy tracks breaking down. Cracked  
frame.  
Devastating vines & weeds thriving in the  
rotting wood.  
Grimey River flows, run.  
Rusted metal, scraping away. Screeching  
train.  
Thick chains supporting an abandoned  
bridge deteriorating away.  
Melting canopies sway in the breeze of gold  
feathers.  
Moldy wood rotting, tattered leaves.  
A bridge now leading into darkness.

**Untitled**  
**by Samantha and Tiarne**

You can almost see the eyes  
through those windows.  
It feels as though it's looking at me.  
I can never escape.  
The rotting walls are surrounding me  
Rotting, lonely, the sounds of birds  
fill the air around the house.  
The reflection is darkening,  
just like its soul.  
It's pulling me under  
We can't escape it  
The rocks, they surround the house,  
like a barrier protecting the outside  
world from what may be inside.

Even within these haunting walls,  
All I can find is beauty  
The creaks are like music,  
a continuous playing melody.  
The clouds roll in, like a  
thunderstorm, waiting to happen  
As it sinks into the water  
It finds peace in its place  
But know in these walls  
We never can escape  
But, yet here it stands, alone  
waiting for someone to come.

**Untitled**  
**by Sharni, Giselle, and Gemma**

It lays in laziness as its engine rusts.  
It lays abandon, useless, a wreck  
Rusty, rails, wasting space, of a dry,  
land  
Its heaviness droops onto the  
innocent tracks that lay below  
Blue sky turning grey slowly  
The dark gloomy sky watches over  
us  
Innocent eyes rarely get laid on the  
lonely and empty object.  
Everything so still.  
What ever happened here, who  
decided to abandon this?

**Untitled**  
**by Charlotte, Matt P., and Matt C.**

Decrepit music decaying,  
broken memory  
Silent words sound, forever lost  
The dark growth filled  
the empty space.  
Young child growing slowly at home.  
White steps creaked  
as time wore on.  
Wood on wood – the trunk at its  
heart.  
Trapped monster breathing  
death's embrace  
A shattered life dances  
in a forest breeze  
The end of the peaceful home.





### **Poet Bio**

Anna Westbrook's debut novel, *The Quiet Noise*, will be published by Scribe in 2015. Anna completed a PhD at the University of New South Wales and lectures in creative writing at New York University Sydney. Her poems have been published in the USA, France, and Australia. She is one of the poets commissioned as part of The Red Room Company's project, *The Disappearing*.

### **About Us**

The Red Room Company creates unusual and useful poetry projects that transform expectations of, and experiences with, poetry. We aspire to make poetry accessible to all, especially those who face the greatest barriers to creative opportunities.